LEVEL
ONE

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

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SAMUEL ROGERS THE POET.

"A MAN'S happiness does not depend on his situation, it depends on himself, and he who has reduced his passions to obedience may fear no reverse of fortune; prosperity cannot intoxicate, adversity cannot depress him; he resembles the oak, that continues firm and erect whether the sun shines or the storms batter." So said Samuel Rogers, and his whole life was a constant effort to promote virtue and liberty.

In his early years he was a hearer of Dr. Price and a friend of Dr. Priestley. He continued through a long life a Unitarian, and he adopted those religious views at a time when they were frowned upon much more so than in the present age. In politics he commenced life as a Reformer, and did his utmost seventy years ago in favour of Reform. He was delighted when he went over to France in 1791 "to observe so many thousands beating, as it were, with one pulse in the cause of liberty and their country, and crowding every public walk to speak openly those noble sentiments which before they hardly dared to think of." He was a zealous promoter of an unsectarian education of the poor of every sect, and assisted in establishing the Borough-road School and London University College. His society was as much valued as his writings. He was the friend of all authors and artists, and the patron of many who needed his help. It was his delight to hold forth a helping hand to merit. The list of his friends and companions is a remarkable one. Drs. Price, Priestley, Kippis, Robertson, Black, Playfair, Mrs. Barbauld, Adam Smith, Horne Tooke, Charles Fox, Erskine, Grattan, Lord Lyttleton, and others. He lived in friendship with a bright cluster of poets, Crabbe, Scott, Coleridge, Southey, Campbell, Byron, Lamb, Moore, and Wordsworth. Upon the death of Wordsworth, Prince Albert wrote to him by the Queen's command to offer him the post of poet-laureate. He declined this honour; he had no need of further honour.

To our readers it will be interesting to hear that he was a descendant of the celebrated Matthew Henry; and to us all it is not less pleasing to know that he was the uncle of one of the most useful of our Unitarians, Mr. Samuel Sharpe, translator of the Old and New Testament.

Rogers lived a long and useful life. He regretted that he had not married and taken upon himself the duties of a husband and a father; he advises all young men to marry. He lived alone till his health failed him, then a niece devoted herself to that watchful care which his age required. He had been a most active man, a great walker, and not easily tired. He had no sofa or arm chair in that room of his house in which he for the most part lived, and he never made use of either till he broke his leg at the age of eighty-six. When that misfortune befel him nothing could be better than the manner in which he bore it. From that time he was confined to his bed or chair. He never murmured, and he spoke of the accident with regret only for the trouble that he gave to others. He used to say "If it has pleased God that I should be lame, ought not I to be pleased." He died on the 18th of December, 1855, in the 93rd year of his age. We cannot summarise the character of Rogers better than in his own language:—

"A passionate love for music, sculpture, painting,
"For poetry, the language of the gods,
"For all things pure, or grand or beautiful,
"A setting sun, a lake among the mountains,
"The light of an ingenuous countenance,
"And what transcends them all, A NOBLE ACTION."

THE FOUR PICTURES.

At the back of one of the largest and finest streets at the west-end of the metropolis ran a mews, where the carriages and horses of the great folks who lived in the grand street used to come to their stables. Over one of those stables were two small but comfortable rooms, in which lived the family of John Green, who was coachman to the Earl of Belmont. John Green's family consisted of his wife and one little daughter, whose name was Patty. One fine May morning her mother called to Patty to help her to sort out all the clean linen she had washed in the course of the week (for Mrs. Green was a laundress, by which she helped her husband to earn a living for themselves and child), and to place it in the different clothes-baskets that stood around, that she might deliver them to the several families she washed for.

"Come, Patty, dear, what are you thinking of, idling there, instead of bustling about and helping me?" said her mother.

But Patty did not hear her; for she was lost in thought, her chin leaning on her hand, her elbow propped on the ironing board against which she lolled, and her eyes fixed on the back of the stately mansion opposite.

"Patty, do you hear me?" repeated her mother. This time Patty started and turned round. "Yes, mother!" and then she bestirred herself and began to arrange the linen in heaps, and carry them carefully to her mother to place in the basket. "What have you been thinking about, Patty dear?" asked her mother.

"Why, I was thinking, mother, what a shame it is that I have to work so, and you have to work so, instead of our making a holiday and taking pleasure. It is my birth-day, and I think it is very hard to be obliged to work on my birth-day, especially when I see the young lady at the great house opposite doing just as she likes all day, singing and amusing herself, and going out in the carriage, and never having any work to do, even on common days—much less on a birth-day!"

"How do you know she has no work to do, Patty? Most likely she has a great many hard lessons to learn, and that I'm sure must be hard work; besides, if she were not so rich as to be able to do as she likes, and sing, and go out in her carriage, what should we do? for her father is the Earl of Belmont, who gives your father money for being his coachman; and if your father did not earn his living by driving their carriage, you might have no dinner to eat to-day, for all it's your birth-day."

Patty went on helping her mother in silence, after heaving a deep sigh: but presently looking out of the window and seeing the carriage being driven out of the mews by her father, to take the young lady an airing, the tears sprang into her eyes as she exclaimed, "Oh, what would I give if I could but have a ride in a carriage for once in my life on my birth-day!" The bright May sun shone in at the window, and made small rainbows of the tears which sparkled on poor little Patty's cheeks, and thus cast a light on the First Picture. Let us turn to the second.

In a large pleasant room on the second floor of the Earl of Belmont's house, its windows filled with green-house plants, and set wide open to receive the air of May, which wafted the sweet fragrance of the flowers into the apartment, sat a lady and a little girl. The former was at a table from which breakfast had been recently removed, and which was now strewed with books and drawing materials; the latter lounged in an arm-chair near the window, amusing herself with smelling the blossoms of the geraniums and heliotropes, and sometimes plucking one off, as she petulantly answered the lady's entreaties that she would commence her lessons. "Come, my dear Lady Emily," said her governess, "shall we begin with the study of the Townley Isis, or shall we have a chapter of the 'Promesi sposi' first?"

"Oh, I really cannot do any lessons this morning, Mrs. Russell; I hope you'll excuse me to-day," said Lady Emily, taking a moss-rose and some violets out of a flat glass vase that stood on a small table near her; "you know it's my birth-day, and I can't bear doing lessons on my birth-day. Besides, I want to make these flowers into a crown for Dash. Look at him, Mrs. Russell, how he wags his tail, and looks up into my face, really as if he knew I am going to crown him."

"Why should you dislike your lessons more on your birth-day than any other

day, Lady Emily," said Mrs. Russell; "surely, my dear, you cannot wish to idle the whole day away, merely because it is your birth-day? I should think that would be rather tiresome than pleasant to you."

"Oh, but the carriage will be here soon to take us out, you know," said Lady Emily, yawning; "for you ordered it early on purpose, as it was my birth-day, which was very kind of you; and so, you know, it is hardly worth while to begin anything till it comes. Do, my dear Mrs. Russell, come here and look at what I am looking at;" added she, after a moment. "Do you see that pretty little window down there, with the mignonette in the green box, and the convolvulus running up strings on each side of it. Just look; I can see into the snug little room beyond the window, and I see such a nice little girl trotting about the room, and she seems to be helping her mother to do something or other. How happy she looks! Oh," said Lady Emily, throwing herself back in the chair, "how delightful it must be to be running about all day, and doing just as one likes, instead of having a parcel of troublesome lessons to do."

The May poured its sunbeams into the room, and fell upon the young lady as she pouted and glanced towards the table on which lay the books and drawings, and thus illumined the SECOND PICTURE.

"Good gracious! look, Mrs. Russell, pray look!" exclaimed Lady Emily, suddenly leaning forward, and gazing eagerly; "the poor little girl is crying, actually crying! What can be the matter with her, I wonder?"

"She does not seem to be so happy as you fancied her, my dear Lady Emily," said Mrs Russell, quietly.

"Oh, what can we do for her? She seems such a good little girl," said the really kind-hearted young lady.

"The carriage is at the door, my lady," said a footman, who came into the room at this moment. But Lady Emily did not hear him, she was so engaged in watching and pitying her young neighbour; while Mrs. Russell went to the servant and spoke a few words with him, who then left the room.

"Should you like to know what she is crying for, Lady Emily; and do what you can to relieve her distress?" asked Mrs. Russell.

"Oh, yes, that I should!" exclaimed she. "Why, I do believe, my dear Mrs. Russell, that you have sent for her. Oh, that is delightful!"

Directly the door was opened, Lady Emily went towards it, and taking by the hand the little girl who had entered, said, "I am so sorry for you. What made you cry? and what is your name?"

"Patty Green, Miss," was the answer.

"But what made you cry, Patty Green? You were looking so happy at first, while I was watching you from that window; and all of a sudden you began to cry. What could it be for?"

"Why, miss—my lady, I mean—it was very silly of me; but I couldn't help it. I did so wish to have a ride in a carriage once in my life, on my birth-day."

"Is to-day your birth-day, Patty? How odd! Why, it's mine, too. Do you mean to say you never had a ride in a carriage in your life? How very odd! Well, you shall have one to-day. May she, dear Mrs. Russell? May I take her with us?" said Lady Emily, eagerly.

"Certainly, my dear; let us go."

Away rattled the carriage,—Patty at the very height of her joy; Lady Emily extremely entertained to witness her delight, and Mrs. Russell rejoiced to see the warmth and interest her young pupil took in the pleasure of another—that purest of all sources of gratification.

On they went, through the park, up Parliament-street, by Charing-cross, along the Strand, till all at once they turned down a dirty, narrow street, and stopped at the door of a poor, mean-looking house.

"What are we stopping here for?" asked Lady Emily.

"Come with me, my dear Lady Emily, and you too, Patty," said Mrs. Russell; and she led the way into the house, and up a flight of dark stairs, and then up another, and then still another, till she stopped at the door of a poor garret. It was partly open, and she entered, followed by the two little girls, who were soon weeping bitterly at what they saw.

On a miserable bed lay a sick child, whose thin white face told a sad tale of want, and young despair. All around spoke of utter destitution; stripped of all its necessaries—one piece of furniture after another sold to buy food—the room, though

small, looked drearily vacant and wide. Not the smallest vestige of provision, or the least sign of those minor comforts which form necessaries in a sick room. On a chair near the bed sat a woman, the very picture of hopeless grief. Her eyes were fixed on the face of her dying child, and she scarcely removed them to glance at Mrs. Russell as she came in.

"I have heard about you, my poor woman," said she, approaching the unhappy mother, "and am come to see what can be done for you."

"Done for *me?*" said the woman, wildly, and in a tone hoarse with starvation and sorrow; but him!—him!—he will die. He must; no doctor has told me so, for I can't pay for one; but I know he must. Oh, so young! so young! My only child—my only companion left to me in this world—and on his birth-day, too!"

"Mother!" said the boy, turning his face toward her, and trying to stretch his hand out; but it fell feebly on the bed.

Mrs. Russell said a few words of comfort to the poor woman, assuring her that she had sent for a medical man, who would soon be there; and bidding her be more calm, for the sake of her child. To him she leaned down, and softly whispered consolation.

"I want for nothing ma'am," said he in answer to her question; "I shall soon be dead, and then I know you will comfort mother, and give her food enough. "Yes," said he, suddenly, after a pause—"yes, there is one thing I should like: I should like to be taken away from this hot and stifling town, and put where daisies may grow on my grave."

The May sun streamed through the broken, half-closed shutters, and threw a strange, bright ray upon this sad THIRD PICTURE.

But to turn to my last one.

It was a fine glowing afternoon, and a little party were assembled in a neat garden belonging to a small cottage in the outskirts of London; a feeble boy, whose cheeks were beginning to assume a faint glow of returning health, was lying on a bench, on which his mother had just placed him, while a little girl was busily employed in wrapping a thick cloak about his feet. A lady, and another little girl were looking on with faces of joy and kindness.

"He is doing purely now, my lady," said the poor woman; "Dr. Benson says it was nothing but want of proper air and food. And oh! I thank the good God that put it into your dear good young heart to ask your papa for a birth-day present of money, that you might bring my poor boy out to this sweet place, and make us the happy creatures we are now!"

"Indeed, it was that fortunate drive in the carriage that did it all," said Lady Emily, laughing. "What do you think, Patty? Don't you think that showed us what to ask for on our birth-day?"

Patty answered with glowing cheeks; and merry were the peals of laughter, and happy were the looks of the party, as they partook of a little feast of fruit and cakes, and curds and whey, which Mrs. Russell had provided, as she said, to keep the three birth-days in pleasant, holiday style; and it was still a May sun which poured its flood of golden light upon this FOURTH PICTURE.—*From "Many Happy Returns of the Day."*

"DOST THOU NOT CARE?"

I LOVE and love not: Lord, it breaks my heart
  To love and not to love.
Thou, veiled within thy glory, gone apart
  Into thy shrine, which is above.
Dost thou not love me, Lord, or care
  For this mine ill?
I love thee, here or there,
  I will accept thy broken heart—lie still!

Lord, it was well with me in times gone by
  That cometh not again,
When I was fresh and cheerful, who but I?
  I fresh, I cheerful! worn with pain,
Now out of sight, and out of heart;
  O Lord, how long?
I watch thee as thou art,
I will accept thy fainting heart—be strong!

"Lie still!" "Be strong!" to-day, but Lord, to-morrow!
  What of to-morrow, Lord?
Shall there be rest from toil, be truce from sorrow?
  Be living green upon the sward,
Now but a barren grove to me,
  Be joy or sorrow?
Did I not die for thee?
Do I not live for thee? Leave Me to-morrow!

ROSETTI.

TWO HUNDRED DOCTRINAL TEXTS.

IMPROVED TRANSLATION.

In our recent discussions in London with Trinitarians, one thing was very remarkable, they adduced text after text, to sustain their Calvinistic doctrines and other views, which have been translated into the English by most eminent scholars, both Trinitarian and Unitarian, so that they can no longer be regarded as Scriptural proofs of their positions. In the following list our readers may find some translations they may scruple to admit, we therefore subjoin the authorities:—

THE NATURE OF MAN.

Genesis vi. 5: "And Jehovah saw that the wickedness of man was great on the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." "That every *fashion* of the thoughts."—*Sharpe.* (So in the viii. 21.)

Deut. xxix. 4: "Yet the Lord hath not given you a heart to perceive." "Hath not the Lord given you a heart to perceive?" —*Dr. A. Clarke.*

Psalm vii. 11: "God judgeth the righteous, and God is angry with the wicked every day." "God is not angry every day."—*Sharpe.*

Psalm xiv. 3: "There is none that doeth good, no not one." "Is there none that doeth good not even one?"—*Sharpe.*

Psalm xvi. 2: "Thou art my Lord, my goodness extendeth not to thee." 'Thou art my Lord and my goodness: nothing is above thee."—*Sharpe.*

Psalm xix. 7: "The law of the Lord is perfect converting the soul." "Restoring the soul." —*Sharpe.*

Psalm li. 5: "Behold I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." "I was *begotten* in iniquity." —*Sharpe.*

Psalm lviii. 3: "Children are estranged from the womb." This is the popular way of quoting this text; but this is not correct. *All* translations have it, "The wicked are estranged."

Psalm civ. 25: "He turned their heart to hate his people." "Their heart was turned to hate his people."—*Syriac and some other versions.*

Proverbs xvi. 4: "The Lord hath made all things for himself, yea, even the wicked for the day of evil." This text has been differently translated by critics. Some have rendered it, "The Lord hath made all things for himself, yea, the wicked he daily feeds." Some versions have it, "The wicked are reserved for the day of evil."

Jer. xvii. 9: "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." "Shrewd is the heart of man and unsearchable, who can know it."—*Parkhurst.*

Acts xiii. 48: "And as many as were ordained to eternal life believed." "Disposed to eternal life."—*Dr. A. Clarke.*

Rom. viii. 7: "The carnal mind is enmity against God." "The minding of the flesh is enmity."—*Macnight.*

Rom. i., Cor. ii. 14: "The natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God." "The animal man" (the man under low passions).—*Dr. A. Clarke.*

Eph. ii. 3: "By nature the children of wrath." "By education or birth the children of wrath."—*Macnight.*

James iv. 5: "The spirit that dwelleth in us lusteth to envy." Dr. A. Clarke thinks this an incorrect translation of the original, and suggests, "The spirit that dwells in us (Christians) will not excite to envy."

NATURE OF CHRIST.

Job xix. 25: "For I know that my redeemer liveth." "My deliverer liveth." —*Durell.*

Psalm ii. 7: "This day have I begotten thee." "I have adopted thee."—*Boothroyd.*

Psalm ii. 12: "Kiss the son lest he be angry." "Serve Jehovah with fear, and rejoice with trembling. Embrace purity, lest he be angry."—*Sharpe.*

Psalm xliii. 6: "Thy throne, O God! is for ever and ever." "Thy throne, O mighty prince! is for ever and ever."—*Dr. M. Young.*

Psalm lxv. 11: "Worship thou him." "Prostrate thyself to him."—*Mudge.*

Isaiah vii. 14: "Behold a virgin shall conceive." "A young woman."—*Erasmus.*

Isaiah ix. 6: "His name shall be called wonderful, counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting father, the prince of peace." "The wondrous giver of counsel"—*Tyndal and Coverdale.* "Consulter of the strong God."—*Grotius.* "Father of the everlasting age."—*Bishop Lowth.*

Isaiah lxiii. 8: "Who shall declare his generation?" "His manner of life."—*Dr. A. Clarke.*

Jer. xxiii. 6: "He shall be called

Jehovah our righteousness." "Jehovah shall call him our righteousness."—*Dr. Blayney.*

Jer. xxiii. 16: "Jerusalem shall be called by Jehovah our righteousness."

Dan. iii. 25. "And the form of the fourth is like the Son of God." "Like a son of the gods."—*Bishop Richardson.*

Mich. v. 2: "Out of thee shall he come forth unto me to be ruler in Israel, whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting." "From former times, from days of old."—*Sharpe.* "The birth of the Messiah promised from days of old."

Zech. xiii. 7: "Against the man that is my fellow." "Against my neighbour." —*Dr. A. Clarke.*

ATONEMENT.

Rom. iii. 25: "Whom God hath sent forth to be a propitiation." "A mercy seat."—*Improved version.*

1 John ii. 2: "And he is the propitiation for our sins." "The mercy seat."—*Improved version.*

1 John iv. 10: "To be the propitiation for our sins." "The mercy seat."—*Improved version.*

Rom v. 11: "Through whom we have now received the atonement." "Received the reconciliation."—*Dr. A. Clarke.*

Eph. iv. 32: "As God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." "Even as God also through Christ hath forgiven you."—*Improved version.*

Heb. ix. 10: "So Christ once suffered to bear the sins of many." "Christ having been once for all offered for the taking away of the sins of many." —*Sharpe.*

DEVIL AND HELL.

Deut. xxxii. 17: "They sacrificed unto devils." "Unto demons."—*The Septuagint.*

Isaiah xiv. 12: "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer!" "O Son of the morning."—*Dr. A. Clarke.*

Job i. 6: "And Satan came also among them." "The accuser."—*Sharpe.*

Matt. xii. 28: "I cast out devils by the spirit of God." "I cast out demons." So all those passages where devils are said to be cast out.

Eph. iv. 27: "Neither give place to the devil." "Slanderer or tale bearer."—*Dr. A. Clarke.*

1 Tim. iii. 7: "The snare of the devil." "Of the accuser or slanderer." It is so rendered in the 11th verse of the chapter, the same word diabolos; and again in 2 Tim. iii. 3, and Titus ii. 3.

1 Thess. ii. 18: "Satan hindered us." "Some adversary."—*Dr. A. Clarke.*

James ii. 19: "The devils also believe and tremble." "The demons."

1 Peter v. 8: "Be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary the devil as a roaring lion walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." "The false accuser."—*Improved version.*

Matt. v. 22: "Whosoever shall say thou fool shall be in danger of hell fire." "The fire in the valley of Hinnom.—*Dr. A. Clarke.*

Mark iii. 29: "He that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation." "Hath no forgiveness till the end of the world, but is deserving of everlasting judgment."—*Sharpe.*

Matt. viii. 12: "There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." "Chattering of teeth." (*i.e.*, from cold.)—*Dr. A. Clarke.*

Matt. x. 28: "Fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." "In the valley of Hinnom."

Matt. xviii. 9: "Better for thee to enter into life with one eye rather than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire." "Into the fire in the valley of Hinnom."

Luke xvi. 23: "In hell he lifted up his eyes. "In Hades he lifted up his eyes."—*Simpson.*

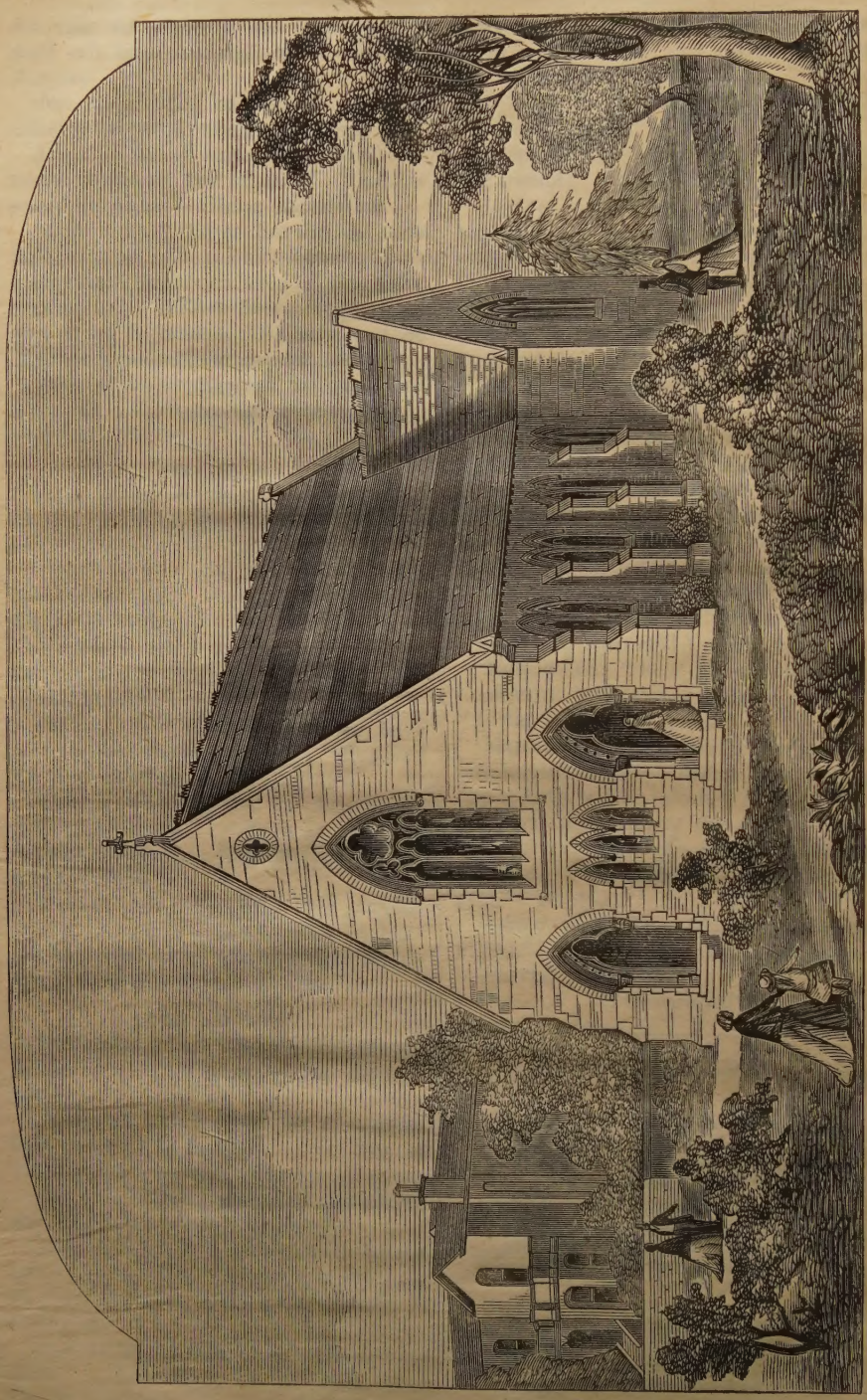
John v. 29: "The resurrection of damnation." "The resurrection of judgment." —*Sharpe.*

(To be continued.)

THE DIFFERENCE.

Men loose their ships, the eager things,
To try their luck at sea,
But none can tell by luck or count,
How many there may be.
One turneth east, another south—
They never come again,
And then we know they must have sunk,
But neither how nor when.

God sends his happy birds abroad—
"They're less than ships," say we,
No moment passes but He knows
How many there should be.
One buildeth high, another low,
With just a bird's light care,
If only one, perchance, doth fall,
God knoweth when and where.



SOUTHPORT UNITARIAN CHAPEL.

SOUTHPORT UNITARIAN CHAPEL.

OUR WATERING PLACES.

THE time is now come for the Unitarians of Great Britain to see to it that none of our popular watering places be without a chapel, where our people may join in the worship of the one true and living God, at a season when they are from home refreshing themselves by the sea side. Our friends, both north and south, are beginning the necessary work, and it must be continued till every watering place of the kingdom is possessed of one of our chapels.

The growth of Southport has been so sudden and rapid as to make it necessary, for the benefit of general readers, to say that it is a *watering place* on the Lancashire coast, twenty miles miles from Liverpool, and forty from Manchester. The Unitarians of Southport began to hold regular services in the Town Hall, with the assistance of the Liverpool District Missionary Association, in March, 1862. In January of last year their present minister settled amongst them, and they formed themselves into an independent congregation. Steps were immediately taken to carry out the design of building a church, and the building, of which we give an engraving, is now rapidly approaching completion. The style is early English. The interior is 61ft. in length, and 29ft. 6in. in width, the height in the centre being 42ft., and is lighted by four windows on each side and a large one at the gable. There are two transepts, each with a window in its gable; and an apsis, semicircular in form, lighted by three small windows in coloured glass. There is also a committee-room, 22ft. by 15ft. The roof will be open, the space between the spars being plastered, while the timber will be sealed, stained, and varnished. The pulpit is of stone, and the seats will be arranged in open pews, calculated to accommodate 300 worshippers, and formed of pine stained and varnished. The building externally is of stone, and the windows have a relieving arch of red stone. The architects are Messrs. Horton and Bridgford, late Starkey and Cuffley, of Manchester; and the builders, Messrs. Bowdon, Edwards and Foster, of the same city. The cost of the church will be about £2800, of which sum £700 have yet to be raised to save the building from debt. It is expected that the opening will take place early in August. Land has been secured for a minister's house, but this building has not yet been commenced.

MY DYING CHILD.

I WATCHED the little sufferer's bed,
I would not let another,
For who could tend my darling as
His love-directed mother ?

He was the only child I had,
I loved him scarcely knowing
How fast the tendrils of my heart
Were round his young life growing.

And as I kissed his little cheek,
Or pressed him to my bosom,
O, God ! forgive ! I dared e'en Death
To say that I should lose him.

I looked down in his large, dark eyes,
And in their strange, soft beauty,
My soul forgot it owed to earth
Or e'en to heaven a duty.

Alas ! perhaps I loved too well
The gift heaven only lent me,
And yet how could I love too much
What love divine had sent me ?

Ah, well ! at last the drear hours came,
The days, when sinking slower,
I saw my life's bright little star
Becoming faint and lower.

And, as I've said, I watched his bed
And smoothed his golden tresses,
When 'tween his whit'ning brow they fell,
And my long, fond caresses.

One evening when I thought he slept,
I came, and gently bending
Above the darling one, in whom
My earthly love was ending.

I closer drew, till on his cheek
My scarce-drawn breath streamed lightly,
When sudden ope'd the large, dark eyes
And looked on me e'en brightly.

That look, perhaps, the hand of Time
May from weak memory sever,
But childhood's innocence it left
Upon my heart for ever.

Yet brief was that dear, precious look,
For just as eve was closing,
And ere the darkness came, I saw
My child in death reposing.

Dunmurry. T. H. M. S.

A LAY SERMON.

"But thou, O man of God."—*Paul.*

THE friendship of Paul for Timothy is interesting for this reason, that it was one which sprang up in his old age, one that was formed at a period of life when the affections move with difficulty towards new objects; and what is, therefore, remarkable is the fact that it was a friendship marked by an unusual tenderness, freshness, and warmth, just as if his heart, driven back upon itself by the coldness of men in general, here found compensation in pouring out all the wealth of its love and confidence.

These epistles of his might almost be said to pulsate visibly and audibly with this tender affection; terms of endearment as he pens them seem to be constantly springing to his lips, so that as we read what we are irresistibly reminded of, and the only thing which it seems to us to resemble, is a mother's own fond talk to her child. Beautiful always is such a spectacle, and it loses none of its charms as seen in connection with the lion-hearted Paul.

But the relation of Paul to Timothy is only half stated by the word friendship. It *was* the relation of heart to heart; it *was* a relation entered into for its present uses and delights; but it was far more than this; it was the relation, also, of one immortal spirit with another immortal spirit—of one accountable being with another accountable being; in one word, it was the relation of one "*man of God*" with another "*man of God.*" "But thou, O man of God," &c. Paul's relation to Timothy grasped this fact concerning him as well as himself, that he had come into the world and had a part to play therein, as one upon whom a solemn, a divine appropriation rested, that he was, in one word, *a man of God.*

Timothy, as you are aware, was intended for the Christian ministry, and hence, perhaps, in part the use of the phrase here; but does it not instantly occur to our minds that there is a sense in which, beyond any adventitious circumstances, we are "men of God?" So I can be doing no injustice to Paul in supposing that this larger thought was also in his mind when he used these words.

It is said that on the words "I am a man," being spoken by a negro on a certain occasion in a Roman amphitheatre, the whole vast crowd rose and vehemently applauded, thus recognising alike the negro's own claims to mankind and the noble distinction of the title itself. And, truly, it is something to be a man, it is something to walk this broad earth its lord; it is something to have this presence and these divine and almost infinite capabilities. I say, it is something to be a man, although we should be but waifs in the sea of time, objects which, removed from the landscape, would not be missed, beings in whom the whole interest of this grand universe sadly and insufficiently culminates.

Yet for Paul all this glory and all this distinction is not enough. He holds man as such to be indeed great, but he asks something more. So he takes him on and on till his existence is seen to be overshadowed by God's awfulness and splendour. He takes us on and on, till the glory of manhood, as such, is lost in the higher glory of "men of God."

The simple idea, now, that I gather from this phrase is, man made in God's likeness, man His child, man His care, man made to serve God, man made to share with Him the glory and the grandeur of an immortal existence.

And first, man as bearing God's likeness:

Man like God? Does not the thought strike our minds as a very profanity? God omnipotent, man so weak; God perfectly good, man so sinful; God, the ancient of days, who was and is and ever will be; man the creature of a day, whose life makes but a point in the vast circle of His eternal existence. What possible comparison can there be between the two? Points of contrast we can easily count up, but who dare talk of points of comparison? Yet it requires but a moment's reflection to show that there is resemblance in some important respects between ourselves and God. Take our powers of imagination. Is God omnipresent? And are not we, in a sense, omnipresent by the power this faculty gives us of transporting ourselves in thought whithersoever we will? We may walk in imagination with Adam in the garden; we may behold Abraham's faith and constancy; we may march by the side of the children of Israel through the

wilderness; there is not a point in time or space to which we may not thus in an instant pass.

Take again, our power of intelligence. God looks upon the works of his hand, and comprehends them. We, too, may look, and in part comprehend. We can pass from a knowledge of the outer framework of things till we reach, in a measure, to the inner springs and controlling laws. Or take another faculty which seems especially to mark the Divine Being. He creates; we, too, can in a measure create. Every piece of work we perform, every action of ours upon our own characters betokens our power as creators. We are so accustomed, I know, to the use of the words imagination, thought, &c., that we fail to catch their full significance; but if we reflect for a moment upon the meaning, we begin to discover that it is no mere figure of speech and no profanity to say that we are like God. Yes, you and I, rightly esteeming ourselves so erring and defective, so mean and insignificant, even *we* bear His image, and were made in his likeness. Of that wondrous orb of light we are a ray; of that infinite fountain we are a stream; of that self-same nature we are partakers. These are not my words, but Paul's. He says expressly we are partakers of the Divine nature; not as portions of, for He is self-sufficient, but as akin to; and there is not an attribute that He possesses but there are hints of, more or less marked, in ourselves. And when we come to recognise this truth, one of its uses will be this, that if unjustly condemned, despised, neglected by our fellow creatures, we shall possess a noble sacred pride in ourselves which will render us superior to the injustice by which we may be assailed.

II. Man as God's child.

What a thought is this! What your child is to you, its earthly parent, each one of us is to Him who is the Maker and Father of all. Over each one of us His paternal yearnings break; each one of us is the object of His paternal love and solicitude. And do we think that we have got the full measure of His fatherly regard when we look at an earthly parent? Truly that image does assist us as no other does; but "although the mother may forget her sucking child" yet He cannot forget or be unmindful of us. Each one of us is His child in a sense in which no child is to his earthly parent. For there comes a time, in most cases, when, as the result of time, or separation, or disappointment in him, the stream of his affection runs low and languid, and is no longer the warm, outgushing thing it once was. But the love of the Heavenly Father for His child knows no such barriers as these, and overleaps all conditions. Once to be His child is always to be the object of His love without change or diminution. O then let us add this to our estimate of ourselves, that each one of us is His child, the object of His boundless, unchangeable, enduring love.

But more. Man is God's care.

Yes, we are not merely the objects of His paternal love, we are also the objects of His care. His power protects, His goodness supplies, His wisdom directs. Just as a fond mother watches the unwary steps of her child to see that no harm befals him, watches over his wants and unfailingly supplies them, watches over his ignorance and teaches him, watches over his weakness and sustains him, so does our great Father in heaven watch over each one of us. He is our upholder, sustainer, preserver, helper, teacher, guide, comforter. By what is called His general Providence? Yes; but also by His particular Providence. Individually he regards us, individually he cares for us; but not less near is He to the individual want as it arises. People talk of this general Providence and this particular Providence as if they were not the same, but almost alien things. But I cannot understand this of one who has expressly made known himself to us as our Father; for what distinguishes an earthly parent is the fulness, the completeness, of his sympathy for his child, grasping every event in his life, every emotion, every experience, every need and desire, and in all delighting to make himself known. So when I hear God's providence over His child talked about it does seem to me not general at all, but particular, in the truest and fullest sense of the term.

But now I may ask, do we ever think of ourselves as the object of His care, not nations and peoples merely, but our very selves? If we do not, is it not partly because we feel the news is almost too good to be true? God to care for us—us indi-

vidually—us in all we are and do? Why we did not think we were anybody's care in any very large measure, if it came to that! And is this our thought at this time? Then let us away with it; for if we are nobody else's care we are God's. If nobody else sets value upon us, He does. And the very meanest of us might take this great joy and comfort to our hearts.

But next. Consider man as made to serve God.

We are not, in general, unwilling to acknowledge this great truth, but do we not sometimes take a partial and mean view of it? Service we confound with servitude. Service we regard as implying restraint, and if we fail in it, we expect pains and punishment. But, I ask, is that to take a full view of it, in relation to God? For, recollect, this is service to the greatest, best, wisest being in the universe; it is obedience to rules formed alike by perfect wisdom and perfect goodness. As such, then, it is the very means and the only means by which our best interests are served, and the highest ends of life worked out. And is not this view calculated of itself to raise our conceptions of it? Why, in this light it is not service, painful and irksome, but our interest, our happiness, our safety, our highest good. Or have we that confidence in ourselves, that we think we can do without these divine rules and restraints? I, for one, dare not invite you to make the terrible experiment! What! take this nature of ours, with its many wild and almost ungovernable forces, this nature whose goings and workings the wisest of us cannot compute, and think to do without amenability to divine law. I tell you perfect freedom would soon be perfect ruin, as how many a poor wretch has found to his cost? No; to serve God, I say again, is to serve our best interests, and the only possible way in which they can be saved. And the act of saving is itself the path to perfect freedom.

We have now considered man as being God's image, as being his child, His care, His servant; and in all we have seen how true are the words of David concerning him, "Thou hast crowned him with glory and honour." But there is yet another gem to add to this crown, viz., he is destined for an immortal existence.

And now, not arguing, which I need not, but simply assuming it, I ask, is this so? Then this small stream of our lives, which so often runs feeble and low, and which, as years roll on, seems to get less and less, is not doomed to extinction, but is only gathering itself up into a river which shall flow with increasing force and volume for ever and ever.

We stand by and see one fellow-creature after another carried to his long home, and with saddened hearts we say, "It is all over with him." But it is not all over. Time's sun has indeed set for him, but eternity's sun has risen never to set. We say, "Within a few short years and we ourselves shall cease to be;" but it is not so, for death is only our birth-hour, and then only do we begin truly to live. O think the very heavens shall wax old like a garment, and the fashion of this world shall utterly pass away, but we shall only be beginning our immortal career, the flush of youth on our brow, the vigour of manhood in our steps, never more to fade or decay. For we shall then breathe the untainted air of heaven, and for these decaying bodies we shall have spiritual bodies destined and fitted never to wear out, and whose every sense shall be an inlet of joy and strength.

Nor is our eternal home so distant as that glimpses and sounds of it do not visit us even here. Even as we listen we catch snatches of its surpassing melody, even as we gaze we not unfrequently catch sight of its glories. O think of this, I say, think of our little closed-up life opening at length upon the broad, peaceful, blissful plains of heaven, of our little troubled life, so full of pains and vexations, and cares and sorrows, passing at length into a life in which we shall be free from them all. And this for us, I say us, our very selves, if only we now work with patience and fidelity and constancy at the tasks which the great God our Father has set us to do.

Such, then, is it to be "men of God." Tell me, now, that there is not this Divine side to human life, that we do not bear this divine signet, and that each life is bound up and complete in itself, and has no goings out which lead up to the very heavens; and how, at that instant, do all the brightness and greatness, the solemnity and sanctity of life pass away. But if we are "men of God," then, to say nothing else, there is one important relative duty which it sets before us.

Are *we* "men of God," born with a glorious nature to high privileges, to a noble service, to an eternal inheritance? Then what we are our fellow-creatures are. Yes, every man we come into contact with, each inmate of our homes, each friend and neighbour, the companion of our tasks and pleasures, even the beggar on the streets whom we pass by so scornfully, every man of them is a "man of God," born in His image, cared for by Him, made to live for ever with Him. O think you not that if we always remembered this we should set a higher value upon him to what we do? For, let the truth be told, with all our splendid declamation about the dignity and rights of man, we do not so very much regard and respect the common type. No; and it is my firm belief that we never shall till we get Paul's statement into our hearts, and come solemnly to regard each and every man as a "man of God," made sacred by a divine nature, by a divine truth, by a divine care and protection; made sacred by a divine appropriation for a divine service and end, and for all the glories of an immortal existence. J. S.

Lynn.

TO MY BIBLE.

SARAH BACHE.

BLESSED BIBLE! what a treasure
In each rich and varied leaf,
Friend thou art to every pleasure,
Comforter in every grief.

Would we study human duty?
Moral maxims do we prize?
Ethics thine in all their beauty,
Thine the proverbs of the wise.

Do we love pathetic story,
Human character displayed?
To unfold them is thy glory
In their light as well as shade.

Does the mind seek mental beauty—
Purity without a stain,
Human will subdued by duty?
Here it will not seek in vain.

For each path of pure religion,
Pious faith has ever trod,
Here is traced with marked precision,
Here is seen the Christ of God.

And his face of heaven-born glory
Beams with truth and love divine,
May that life devout and holy,
Stamp its character on mine.

Blessed Bible! what a treasure
Do thy varied leaves contain,
Who can count thy worth or measure?
Who can speak in thee our gain?

WHAT IS UNITARIANISM?

BY THE REV. DR. BELLOWS.*

As we look about us and behold our little handful of Unitarian churches, our little band of liberal believers, scattered among the hosts of adherents to the popular creeds, I can easily believe that many not deeply and rationally convinced of the importance and truth of their own religious views may ask themselves, "Why consent to stand in this attitude of opposition, the object of general suspicion and attack? Why remain in the ranks of a feeble minority, to be questioned and looked askance at, and be denied, by many excellent and worthy people, the Christian name and hopes—when a triumphant majority, in good repute, and with all the *prestige* and comfort of a long success, in occupancy of the social ground and the theological strongholds, with opinions all labelled and approved, stands with open arms ready to welcome every apostate from the old faith back to its fold, and give him new honours and congratulations on the recovery of his birthright?"

We stand in opposition because we demand of a Christian believer that he shall take Christ as his Master in the practical way of recognising him as man's pattern and guide, acknowledging the authority of his life and precepts, his spirit and temper; and this is all that Christ demanded, and all that Protestant principles allow when logically adhered to. Our opinions are distinguished by gentleness, hopefulness, common sense, encouragement, and an untechnical and free spirit. Trinitarians and Calvinists do not receive Christianity according to its appearance in their creeds. Thousands of them are swift to repudiate all the harsh and irrational consequences of their dogmas, and, when stated in the plain terms of the creeds, even the doctrines themselves. Still the creeds contain these harsh dogmas, and the more logical adherents assert them.

Orthodoxy represents God as a sovereign, bound by certain self-imposed laws, which brought him, from the birth of the first man, into a terrible conflict with the human race, who by Adam's fall were doomed to eternal ruin. Out of this ruin man was snatched, so far as he accepted

* Our readers will be glad to learn that Dr. Bellows, of America, will take part in our meetings in London in Whitsuntide week.

Christ by the intermediation of a second person in an assumed Trinity—the Son of God—a being uncreated, eternal, equal with the Father—who offered himself as a sacrifice, delivered his message of mercy, and died to expiate humanity's guilt. This is called the atonement. Those who do not receive its terms fall under the original curse and go to endless torment. This scheme the Unitarians reject as mythical, irrational, the result of ignorance and credulity. They regard God as a Father, and think that his chosen name of Love makes an original curse an impossibility. They reject the Trinitarian doctrine, invented by theologians in the second century, as a cumbrous scholastic scheme, lacking cohesion and intelligibility, and give Christ the position he claims, that of the Son of God, His subordinate, His representative, His messenger, His plenipotentiary, who shall one day give up His power as the head of the Church to His Father. With Unitarians the atonement is simply the *at-one*-ment, the bringing together of man with God, the reconciliation of the child, alienated from his Father by sin and ignorance, with his ever-loving parent. This opinion is in direct contrast with that dogma known as the vicarious atonement, and esteemed the tenderest and most precious doctrine of the orthodox church. It represents God as himself the party to be reconciled, as having been, since Adam's fall, in infinite anger with his children, and propitiated by the death of His innocent son. He is still wrathful with the impenitent and unconverted, who always form a vast majority of his creatures. Unitarians do not believe this doctrine of an original fall changing the moral nature of man. They believe that he was and is created upright, innocent, and capable of virtue and holiness, feeble only through ignorance and exposure, and often perverted by his want of training and by the evil which surrounds him. This view they hold in opposition to the doctrine of native inborn, universal depravity, derived, with the curse which accompanied it, from Adam's fall. Regeneration, with them, is the orderly and normal awakening of the spiritual nature from its sleep as opposed to the notion of a miraculous change in the moral constitution of the soul. The Holy Spirit they recognise as the influence of God's breathing love, always blowing, but never filling our spiritual lungs until we expand them voluntarily to receive it. This is in opposition to the doctrine of a third person in the Trinity, whose influence is to be invited by doctrinal convictions and professions, and whose presence is occasional, exceptional, and peculiar. They reverence the Bible as a wonderful and sacred book, containing, in the Old Testament, the whole literature, sacred, historical, and poetical, of the Jewish people, written in large part by wholly unknown authors.

They regard the New Testament as the record of a revelation made by ear and eye witnesses, by men religiously inspired yet not free from the prejudices and theoretical or even practical errors of their time, and therefore not binding upon us in the servile way of an acceptance of its statements after a purely grammatical examination of the meaning of the text. It is not merely a grammar or lexicon, but a human soul in the largest use of its faculties, which can interpret it.

The Bible is the record of what holy men thought and said as they were moved by the Holy Spirit, which is not a dictator but an influence. Orthodox Christians call the world a physical ruin, all its courses being disjointed in the original twist given to it by the introduction of sin, which cursed the ground.

They consider life a period of probation for an existence which will not begin until we are dead and have risen again on the other side of Time, and which will begin only in eternal misery and ruin for all who are not here converted to a special view of Christ's sacrifice, and do not accept his atonement in a technical sense. With what right can human beings, surrounded by millions of dying souls in peril of everlasting ruin, give any legitimate attention to their own immediate wants and pleasures, or do anything which has not direct reference to the salvation of souls? Unitarians regard eternal life as beginning when the soul begins. They consider this world as much God's residence as any other; that happiness is as legitimate here as in heaven; that life is not wholly for some ulterior end, but is partly its own end; that God loves to make his children happy; that our education is always going on, and we learn by care and by freedom from care—by what is serious and by what is gay—that God is

interested in our business, our pleasures, our tastes; and that the ascetic and terrifying views of life and futurity which interdict a large part of human nature and ostracise all but a special set of faculties, deform and dwarf the soul, and ultimately produce a fearful reaction which makes religion hated and God defied. Unitarians believe in a greater reliance upon God's love for us; in generous laws; in mild punishments—mild but sure. One common school does more to reduce a vicious neighbourhood to order than a dozen policemen. One tender-hearted visitor to a gaol will often shake and soften the heart of an obdurate man whom punishment could not move. The world can never be scared out of its sins. Even brutes are now broken to harness by kindness. The human soul defies scornfully those who come in the name of God to invite it to Heaven by picturing to it the horrors of a flaming hell. The earnest minds and hearts of the world, instead of expending their energies in holding up the crumbling walls of Trinitarian and Calvinistic theology—coopering the staves of a barrel that no longer holds securely the water of life—should with one consent turn to and establish that rational, liberal Christianity which is as certainly prefigured by the shadows of coming events as it is destined ultimately to be the creed of Christendom.

GENTLENESS AND ITS REWARD.

Two boys applied for a place in a gentleman's warehouse. One was older than the other, and had some experience in the business. He was a gentleman's son, and well dressed. The other boy was the only son of a poor widow. His clothes were well mended, but perfectly clean, and his face had a quiet, honest expression, which impressed a stranger favourably.

Though the elder lad came recommended from a gentleman he highly esteemed, the merchant decided in favour of the widow's son, quite to the surprise of every one. A circumstance which seems trifling in itself had influenced him in making this decision.

The two boys came together at the hour appointed, and the merchant was on his own door-step at the same time. Just then a poor little shivering child crossed the street, and, as she stepped on the side-walk, her foot slipped on the icy stones, and she fell in the half-melted snow.

The elder boy laughed rudely at her sorry appearance, the water dripping from her thin, ragged clothes, but the child began crying bitterly, and searching for the four pennies she had lost.

William, the younger boy, hastened to her side and helped to search for them. Two were found in the snow, the other two were probably in the little icy pool beside the curb-stone. William bravely stripped up his sleeve and plunged his hand down into the water, groping about till one of the missing pence was found, but the other seemed hopelessly lost.

"I am afraid that can't be found, little girl," he said pleasantly.

"Then I can't get the bread," sobbed the child, "and mammy and the children will have no supper."

"There is a penny," said William, taking one from a little purse which contained but very few more, and then he made haste to wash his hand in the snow, and dry it on his coarse white handkerchief.

The other boy looked on with contempt, and remarked, as they passed along, "It's plain enough you are a greenhorn in the city."

The gentleman had observed it all, and scarcely asked the rude boy a question; but, after some conversation with William, he said he would be willing to take him for a time on trial. At the end of his month of probation he had grown so much in favour with all parties that the engagement was renewed for a year.

Now, shall I tell you the secret of his success? It was *politeness*. That means a kind expression of kind feelings. Many very fashionable people are far from being polite, and sometimes the most lowly are remarkable for it.

The merchant knew that the boy who would be truly polite to a poor little ragged child would never be impolite to customers. He knew that a boy whose principles would hold out when he was laughed at could be trusted.

Remember that a boy who is uniformly polite in his behaviour, has ten chances of success in the world where a rude boy has one.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

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RICH AND POOR. — The beloved of the Almighty are the rich who have the humility of the poor, and the poor who have the magnanimity of the rich.—*Saadi.*

WITHOUT FUNERAL SERVICE. — A society, called "Solidaires," has been formed in France, whose members take a pledge to be buried without the prayers of the church.

BAD COMPANY.—A man of ever such abilities, let him be of whatever profession he may, if weak enough to be addicted to low company, is sure to sink at last, and in falling crush those who love him best, and whom he loves best.

PRIVATE PRAYER.—No man can hinder our private addresses to God; every man can build a chapel in his breast, himself the priest, his heart the sacrifice, and the earth he treads on the altar.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

POMPS AND VANITIES.—The mayor of a town in the West of England, questioning the boys at the ragged schools, asked them what were the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. A little boy said:—"The mayor and corporation going to church, sir."

CRIME.—The league between virtue and nature engages all things to assume a front hostile to vice. The beautiful laws and substances of the world persecute and whip the traitor. He finds that things are arranged for truth and benefit; but there is no den in the wide world to hide a rogue. Commit a crime and the earth is made of glass. Commit a crime, and it seems as if a coat of snow fell on the ground, such as reveals in the woods the track of every partridge, and fox, and squirrel, and mole. You cannot recall the spoken word; you cannot wipe out the foot-track; you cannot draw up the ladder so as to leave no inlet or clue. Some damning circumstance always transpires.

RECEIPTS AGAINST MELANCHOLY.—I once gave a lady two-and-twenty receipts against melancholy. One was a bright fire; another to remember all the pleasant things said to her; another to keep a box of sugar plums on the chimney-piece and a kettle simmering on the hob. I thought this mere trifling at the moment, but have in after life discovered how true it is that these little pleasures often drive melancholy away better than higher and more exalted objects, and that no means ought to be thought too trifling which can oppose it either in ourselves or in others.—*Sydney Smith.*

FAITH IN MAN.—People have generally three epochs in their confidence in man. In the first they believe him to be everything that is good, and they are lavish with their friendship and confidence. In the next, they have had experience, which has smitten down that confidence, and they then have to be careful not to mistrust every one, and to put the worst construction upon everything. Later in life, they learn that the greater number of men have much more good in them than bad, and that even where there is cause to blame there is more reason to pity than to condemn, and then a spirit of confidence again awakens within them.—*Miss Bremer.*

CHARITIES OF LONDON.—The *Methodist Recorder* estimates that at least five millions are given every year in charity by the people of London.

CHARITY.—Sydney Smith's definition of this virtue was a good one:—"No sooner does A. fall into difficulties, than B. begins to consider what C. ought to do for him."

THREE WORDS.—"The sweetest word in our language is Love. The greatest word in our language is God. The word expressing the shortest time is Now. The three make the greatest and sweetest duty man can perform." This weighty thought is versified in the lines below, to aid its lodgment in the memory:—

Love is the sweetest word of all
On human ear can ever fall:
God is the greatest word, to all
Who on his holy name would call:

Now is the shortest word of all
Expressing time—for great and small.
Take these three words, combine them all,
The greatest, sweetest duty they recall.

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION.—In the "Life of Archbishop Whately," recently published in London, are some striking illustrations of his remarkable talent for argumentative epigram and quick replication. For instance, in conversation with a friend on religious persecution, he remarked, "It is no wonder that some English people have a taste for persecution on account of religion, since it is the first lesson that most are taught in their nurseries." His friend expressed his incredulity and denied that he had been thus taught. "Are you sure," said Dr. Whately, "what do you think of this?—

'Old Daddy Long Legs *won't say his prayers*,
Take him by the left leg and throw him down stairs.'"

THE UNITARIAN HANDBOOK,

Of six hundred Scriptural Texts which set forth the Unitarian Faith, and expositions of three hundred passages adduced by Trinitarians (a fourth edition, seventh thousand), will be ready in a few weeks. An order in June for twenty copies will be executed at Sixpence per copy, the value only of paper and binding.—Address, R. SPEARS, 27, Grosvenor Park, London.

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